

San Francisco 25/4. 67.

My dear Doctor,

At last once more a sign of life from you. I had given up all hopes of hearing again from you.

I feel very uneasy about my account. When I ordered the books, I hoped that my plants might be in your hands by that time the bills might reach you. To my utmost regret I learned to day from Mr. Samuel Hubbard the agent of the Smithsonian that he has not sent the box yet but will send it with the next steamer. Were my plants in your hands I would feel more content, for I know they will sell readily, having among them a large number of such plants you described but lately.